

You Were Right Here, All Along by Mileena

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Summary:

Two people, both with baggage of their own, and here they are, finding each other in a sleepy little town like Hawkins, Indiana.

You Were Right Here, All Along

Author's Note:

Honestly? I've written so much Hopper/Heather/Steve that I felt like Hopper and Heather needed their own love story...

And I have a feeling this will be the smuttiest Hopper/Heather fic to date, be warned XD

As always comments welcome!

Heather was busy with her early morning duties at her job at the Fair Mart. She had been on the early shift opening the gas station in Hawkins for a few weeks now and finally felt comfortable zipping through the morning routine. As she had disappeared to the back to grab some more stock, the bell on the door jingled, indicating her first customer of the morning. A few moments later, she emerged, setting a box down on the counter and starting to pull candy from it to stack into the display near the register. A voice startled her, deep and gruff, from near the coffee machine.

"Morning, Miss. You new here? I thought I knew all the gals at the Fair Mart these days. Or in town, for that matter."

Heather jumped and gave a startled "oh!" nearly dropping the handful of Snickers she held. Looking over toward the source of the voice, she found a tall man dressed in a brown Hawkins PD uniform. Short brown hair and a neatly trimmed goatee, he had piercing blue eyes and a kind smile. After recovering from the scare, she realized her heartbeat was still fluttering, and her mouth was slightly open, but no words had found their way out yet.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you." He added, apologetically, but his blue eyes twinkled with a hint of amusement. Her brown eyes, painted darkly even in these early hours to compliment her usual ensemble of old faded rock tees and worn jeans, raked over this man fully.

"Its ok. I just didn't hear you come in... I must have been in the back." She said, pointing slightly. "What can I do for you, officer..." she tried

squinting at his badge, but it was useless at that distance.

Jim chuckled and filled in the blank for her. "Chief Hopper. Jim Hopper. Just looking for my morning fix of coffee, hoping you could help a man out, miss..." it was his turn to fish for a name.

"Heather. And you're in luck, Chief Jim Hopper. I just finished brewing our first batch." She told him, moving around the counter to come move the pot from the big brewer to the warmer. She felt her cheeks flush as she brushed past him to get the coffee moved. She returned to the register, but leaned on an elbow, her face resting in her palm, giving him a big smile.

Hopper looked her over after filling his coffee, his own blue gaze traveling down and then back up to her smiling face. "So, you're new here, Heather?" Jim asked casually as he stirred his coffee.

"Yep, just started at the Fair Mart a few weeks ago. Just moved to town about a month ago now" the girl replied.

"Oh really. What brings you to our fine town?"

"I have family here. I just came to stay with my Aunt Claudia and my cousin Dustin." Heather smiled, her brown eyes looking up at Hopper as he moved to stand in front of the counter now. Jim furrowed his brow in thought for a moment.

"Claudia Henderson?" he asked, and when she nodded a confirmation, Jim smiled. "That's great. Claudia's a real nice lady." He looked at the girl and couldn't help but notice her eyes hadn't left him, and her smile hadn't left her face. "She never told me she had any pretty nieces, though"

Lowering her head, Heather could feel the rosy red heat spread across her cheeks immediately. "Sometimes she forgets important information. Like how cute some of the Hawkins PD are..." she said, looking up, despite how pink her features were. She wasn't letting his flirty efforts go unreturned.

Hopper raised an eyebrow at her comment, a smirk on his face as his blue eyes looked her up and down. Settling his gaze back to her big

brown, darkly painted eyes, Jim felt a nervous rush he hadn't felt in longer than he could remember. Even he was a little surprised with himself at the next words that came out of his mouth.

"Maybe if you're not opposed, I could take you out sometime. Show you some of the more interesting places in our fine town?" He asked, his eyes suddenly dropping to the lid of his coffee cup. His finger traced the edge of it lightly as he finished his question.

Heather looked up at him with surprise on her face. Pleasant surprise, but still surprise. "I think I'd like that, Chief Hopper." she nodded, a big smile overtaking her features, a sparkle in her brown eyes. This brought a smile to his face, too.

"Maybe tonight, around seven? I could pick you up." He asked.

"You could show me a thing or two right now, Jim" she said, walking around the counter toward him. As he looked down at her with a questioning look on his face, she felt a burn inside her. Reaching up and grabbing his shirt, balling some of the brown material in her fist, she pulled him to her. Their lips met for the first time.

Hopper reacted favorably and wasted little time, leaning into the kiss. She released his shirt to throw her arms around his neck, his hands settling on the curve of her hips and drawing their bodies closer still, wrapping one arm around her waist to keep her close.

She could smell his cologne, mixed with the faint smell of cigarettes and his scent just fueled her intoxication for him. Her lips hungry for his, eagerly returning every kiss, nibbling on his lower lip gently.

Jim's tongue met hers, and the hand at her hip traveled up her curves, pausing along the way before nestling into her long dark hair, wrapping his fingers up.

Heather's arms clung to him. One arm staying wrapped at his neck, she moved the other so her fingers could explore his chest. Tracing his buttoned shirt, while their kisses grew more hungry and needy. She found his belt buckle and traced over his belt, biting her lower lip and looking up at him when they did break apart for air.

She could see the animalistic lust in his eyes that matched the burn inside of her, and he leaned down for another hungry kiss, leaning her back against the counter. Not breaking apart, Hopper's left arm untangled from her and pushed displays and merchandise from the counter. Lottery tickets and candy went flying to the floor, but Hopper just lifted her to the now barren counter top and pressed himself against her needily.

"God, Heather...

Heather..."

"Heather?" came Chief Hopper's actual voice, as he looked her over, a look of concern knitted across his brow. "You ok? Where did you go?" He chuckled. Her cheeks burned from the daydream, and the embarrassment.

"I, uh.. I was just trying to remember if my , uh.. cousin Dustin... needed me to help him with anything tonight.. um.. sorry. I.. I'm free" she said, the last part coming out so shy and quiet. But Hopper had a grin already.

"Alright. Seven o'clock at Claudia Henderson's?" He confirmed.

"I live in the apartment over the garage, but..yeah. I can't wait" Heather smiled, still very aware of her scarlet cheeks.

"I'll see you tonight, then" Hopper said with a smile. Laying a few bills on the counter for the coffee, he nodded and took his leave. Whistling from the door to the Blazer.